

The Bonfire

Behold this stump, remnant of mighty tree,
Prepared for bonfire, to please you and me,
And mark the date our provinces combined
To make a nation and advance mankind.

This noble tree once pointing to the skies,
In height and girth attained tremendous size,
Till heartless man with heavy blows laid low
Its giant form, that took so long to grow.

Was it useful purpose, or to rid the land
Of thy great presence, that with axe in hand
This vandal cut thee down, his fate to share?
As if God made mistake to place thee there!

The man who needlessly cuts down a tree
That takes so long to come to what we see,
Unless to rightly use and bless posterity,
Commits a crime and punished he should be.